

k

OF

ON

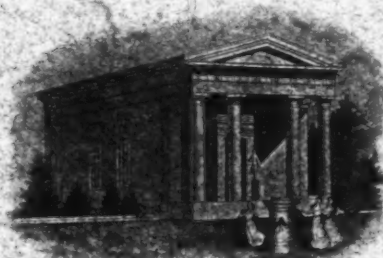
XUM

THE

NASSAU

Literary

MAGAZINE



ἡ τοῦ θεοῦ αἰὲν ὑπερβαλλομένη ἀνδρῶν δύναμις
ἐκείνη καὶ Νόστος καὶ Ἀγλαΐα

Conducted

BY THE SENIOR CLASS

of

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



Established 1818

BROOKS BROTHERS

Broadway, Corner Twenty-Second Street, New York City



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Fine Clothing Ready-Made and to Order,
English Hats and Haberdashery.

Breakfast Jackets, Dressing Gowns,
Knitted Waistcoats, Silk Mufflers, Scarf
Pins, Jewelry Cases, Trunks, Valises, Hand
Bags, etc.

MANY NOVELTIES FROM THE
WEST END LONDON SHOPS

Illustrated Christmas Catalogue, on request.

Have a Look



Have a Look

Government Bonds cannot be
bought on instalments

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

of the U. S.

Gold Debenture Bonds, paying a
higher rate of interest can. An-
other thing, the Equitable not only
sells you a bond on instalments, but
it insures the transaction if you die.
All future payments are cancelled
and the bond is delivered your
estate at once. Can you find a
more attractive investment?

J. W. ALEXANDER

Pres.

J. H. HYDE

V. Pres.

For particulars address

EISELE & KING, Managers

OFFICES { 164 Market Street, Newark
 { 120 Broadway, New York

SAM'L J. KING, Class '88, Special Agent

"A & I" Fishing
Tackle has been the
Standard of Ameri-
can Manufacture for
Eighty-Four Years

Abbey & Imbrie

18 Vesey St. (Opp. St. Paul's)

NEW YORK

Andrew C. Imbrie '95, Treas.

Harold Imbrie '00, Sec'y

Write for our new 224 page

Illustrated Catalogue + +



Tiffany & Co.

**Diamond and Gem Merchants and Dealers in
Artistic Merchandise**

Union Square

New York

Gold Watches for Men

Tiffany & Co. Movements. Casings all 18 Karat Gold.

Cuts sent upon request.

Open-Face	-	-	Upward from	\$60
Hunting Case	-	-	" "	65
Open Face, Extra Flat	-	-	" "	110
Hunting Case	-	-	" "	120

Gold Timing Watches

Single Chronographs, marking fifths of a second		from	\$100
Split-Second Chronographs	-	from	125

"At the SIGN of the BULL DOG"

WE MAKE

Pure Habana Segars

in the honest old fashion

Sold by Independent Dealers

Baron DeKalb

Henry Irving



For soc. we will send you a handsome picture of KING LUD, champion Bull Dog of the world, framed in weathered oak kennel.

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.

The Roycroft Segar Shop, which is "At the
Sign of the Bull Dog"

139 Maiden Lane

New York

When dissatisfied try

Henry T. Anderson & Co.

116 So. 15th St., Philadelphia

LEADING COLLEGE TAILORS

Makers of Clothes that Please



DIXON, Merchant Tailor

17 South 9th Street, Philadelphia

MAKER OF

College Men's Clothes

At Carpenter Hall every two weeks. See *Princetonian* for dates.

Louis Stream

Pipes and Smokers'
Novelties

4 East 42nd Street

Tobacconist

NEW YORK

THE
NASSAU LITERARY
MAGAZINE

VOLUME LX—NUMBER 5

DECEMBER

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842

CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

1904

The Nassau Literary Magazine

MANAGING EDITOR:

HOWARD A. WALTER, Conn.

EDITORS:

JOHN O. BIGELOW, N. J.

C. AMES BROOKS, N. J.

JOHN MATTER, Ind.

CHARLES T. TITTMANN, D. C.

J. DAYTON VOORHEES, N. J.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

ALFRED ELY, JR. N. Y.

CONTENTS

Jonathan Earl: Botanist	J. WAINWRIGHT EVANS	185
Music	HENRY EMIL JOY	191
The Three Who Knew (Concluded) . .	VAUGHAN AND GOODMAN	192
The Bluebird's Message	HENRY J. VAN DYKE, 3d	197
The Burning of the Gaspee . .	CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMANN	198
Freedom	STERLING MORTON	204
Adrastus	JAMES ARTHUR MULLER	205
A Note of Autumn	THOMAS CLINTON PEARS, JR.	210
Rose of the Mountains	STITES MILTON	211
Editorial		217
College Cheering		
An Innovation		
Gossip		221
Editor's Table		223
Book Talk		227

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of *Princeton University*. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in *Belles-Lettres*.

For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the first of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

The Terms of Subscription are \$2.50 per year (payable in advance): Single copies on sale at Rowland's and Drake's, 30 cents. Subscribers who do not receive a current issue before the 20th of the month, will please notify the Business Manager.

Address all business communications to

ALFRED ELY, JR., 3 Lower Pyns,
Princeton, New Jersey.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

DECEMBER, 1904

NO. 5

Jonathan Earl: Botanist

JONATHAN EARL was one of those men who are different from other men. During the twenty years he had lived in the little vine-grown cottage which was cared for by his old housekeeper, his principal occupation had been the care of his flowers, which grew in his garden in all the wild profusion which is the reward of a sympathetic hand. In addition, he was much occupied with his books; but beyond this, and the fact that he loved the children of the neighborhood, the history of the thin precise man, who had many friends but no intimates, was not known. As for the town gossips, they had long since given up the enigma of their local Sphinx.

He was tall and thin, with a powerful frame which stooped slightly at the shoulders. His hair was turning iron-gray, and his eyes were blue and deep-set—looking out on people kindly, and with the tolerant expression toward human weakness, that comes only to those who have fought their own fight, and understand. But his chief attraction was his smile. When Jonathan Earl smiled, people loved him—why, they could never just tell. The children knew him for a friend; and in their company he seemed happiest. And so as the years passed, he quietly took his place in the hearts of the little community, and held it.

For many years the big house next to Jonathan's modest dwelling had remained unoccupied; and he had

found this rather pleasant than otherwise. But one day a stir was visible, and for some weeks the place was under repair. A few days later Jonathan had neighbors.

It was an event to be gloated over and discussed throughout the town; for new things seldom happened in this little world. Everyone took a friendly interest, and it was ascertained that they were "city folks," who would spend the summer there.

Every day, while working in his garden, by looking over the stone wall into the next yard, Jonathan could see a girl; and his heart warmed toward her when he saw that she loved flowers. Also, he noticed that she was generally singing.

He had heard that she had finished college the previous year. He had possessed strong prejudices against college girls in general; but this fair, joyous being, overflowing with life and gladness, by no means bore out his preconceived vision of feminine intellectuality.

One day he observed that she was not there — and for three days more she was not there — and Jonathan wondered at the vague restlessness and discontent that possessed him. On the fifth day she reappeared.

"She has been ill," he thought. He was no longer discontented.

The afternoon was waning, and he was working rapidly, when a voice broke in upon his musings; and turning to the wall, he found himself confronted by a pair of laughing eyes. She was heated from her work, and the warm color had mounted to her cheeks; while the face outlined by the much ruffled hair, formed a picture that made the man look twice.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I've dropped my pruning-shears over the wall. Would you reach them for me?"

Vaguely puzzled as to how the shears had managed to fall over the wall, he handed them to her with the smile

the neighborhood had grown to love. And then it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to ask, "You have been ill?"

"Yes," she answered — and then, naïvely, "I wanted to get acquainted, so I just —"

He broke in with a low laugh of comprehension. "I'm honored," he said with a courtly grace, that she recognized as of the old school.

"And not surprised—or—or—shocked?" she asked archly—though there was a hidden earnestness in her tone.

"Most agreeably so," he answered. Then—"I missed you," he added. "You love flowers?" He read his answer in the eager response that leaped into her eyes. "Have you one of these?" he asked pointing to a rare fern.

"No," she said, "how beautiful!"

He leaned down, and unearthed the pot, holding out the plant to her. "Take it," he said, "I have a number of them."

For a moment she hesitated. "It's shockingly unconventional of me," she said frankly, "but I can't resist it. And then," she added as at second thought, "besides, you're —" she paused, reddening in pretty confusion.

"Exactly," he smiled, "I'm fifty — so that makes it all right." He watched her embarrassment for a moment, amusedly; then, "Being fifty has its compensations, you see."

She clapped her hands softly. "Very pretty, Monsieur," she said curtsying; "and now I'll take the fern, thank you."

Henceforth, their acquaintance progressed rapidly. They eagerly discussed their favorite hobby, and she saw that he was a student. One day he produced a book in which he had written her name in his even, precise hand. She looked at the title page. It was a treatise on ferns.

"O — o — h," she cried, "you wrote it?"

He nodded, gratified at her delight. "Years ago," he said.

"I never expected to know a real author," she exclaimed, "and now, I'm ever so proud."

The Fall had come with its message, bitter-sweet. On the morrow, she would return to the city, and to the world that was not his world, and he felt an altogether strange pang of loneliness at the thought.

Together, they gazed in silent regret over the deserted, dismantled gardens, more beautiful than ever in the colors of the Autumn. A rustling breeze whispered to itself among the leaves, and he softly repeated from Tennyson:

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks.
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks—"

A sudden, unexplained rush of tears filled her eyes.

"Don't," she said.

He stood silent, every muscle drawn tense in his effort at self-control. The neighbors would not have known the self-contained Jonathan Earl at that moment.

During the last few days, he had felt a return of the old discontent he had known in the spring, when she was ill—only now, it was no longer vague. He faced the issue squarely, and then he knew. His heart gave a great throb as he looked on the girl at his side. At last he knew; and he realized that with all the pent force of his strong nature, he loved her.

His mind turned back, and dwelt upon another Autumn day, when, as a young man, he had stood thus by the side of another girl; and he recognized the heart-throb as the same.

She turned to him, and met his eyes, deep-set and kindly,

whose searching seemed to read her very soul. From their depths, a new expression shone — for the man looked forth. From the force of the concentrated gaze, she shrunk for a moment, frightened at its strength. No woman could have failed to read what lay written there.

He came near, and touched her arm.

"Helen," he said; and there was a world of pleading in his voice.

But as he looked into her face, fear clutched his heart.

"Forgive me if I frightened you," he said gently; feeling with instinctive sympathy, how hard she found it.

"Many years ago," he went on, with his eyes yet studying her face, "I knew a girl — a girl like you; with fair hair that the wind used to ruffle, like yours; and eyes that used to laugh, like yours — all like yours — and I loved her. One time I was absent for a year. When I returned, she was married. She never knew.

He paused for an instant, and then went on slowly. "This has come gradually — I didn't realize it myself, till today. For a moment, I was even mad enough to hope that at last I —"

Again he paused.

She had leaned against a nearby tree, and her slight figure was shaken by silent sobs. Once he put out a hand to touch her sleeve, but drew it back quickly, with a sudden tightening of the lips. He waited patiently.

At last, "I didn't know," she said brokenly. "I — I'm to be married in the Spring — I was just going to tell you. Oh, I'm so sorry" she cried passionately. "I didn't know — how *could* I know? I'd have gone away before you —" She ceased, stopped by the abandon of her sympathy for him; for she remembered the look in his eyes which she had read; and many thing about him that had puzzled her, now stood revealed.

"I've stood it once," he said wearily. "I suppose I can

again. Don't worry about me, child." Then, as fearing to show his pain further, lest it increase hers, "but—I—I guess you'd better go now," he concluded, for he felt that another moment would unman him.

As she turned to leave, he sank onto a nearby bench as though tired.

"Goodbye," she said softly; and then, of a sudden impulse, came swiftly to him; and bending over, touched his forehead lightly with her lips. "Goodby," she whispered through her tears. A moment, and she was gone.

Four years passed, and she did not return.

Yearly, the garden bloomed as of old; and in Jonathan Earl, the neighbors still saw the same precise, rather cold recluse, who loved flowers and children. Perhaps his step was a trifle less sprightly, but they didn't notice it.

He was caring for his garden one Spring day, when voices arose from the farther side of the wall. With a face immobile as ever, he walked slowly toward it. She was there, "more beautiful than ever," he thought inwardly. He passed through the gate and took her outstretched hand; and her welcome lay in the quiet pleasure that shone from his eyes. She noted, with a pang, that his hair was a little grayer, and that he stooped a little more.

"Just arrived?" he asked in a tone without restraint.

"Yes," she said, "how beautiful it all is."

He nodded toward the garden. "It still flourishes, you see—just as it did," he added after a slight pause, apparently more to himself than to her.

They were interrupted by a rustling in the bushes, and out of them, of a sudden, bounced a chubby urchin.

Earl turned eagerly, with a question in his look. She nodded. The child approached slowly, as the man held out his arms; and then as knowing a friend by instinct, came to him without hesitation—the way all children were

wont to do—yet surveying him with big serious eyes. The man met their gaze, and as he looked into their childish depths, there crept into his face a look of longing unutterable, that ended in a soft, unconscious sigh.

J. Wainwright Evans.

Music

Apollo, God thou never shouldst have been
But Goddess! For thy smiles, radiant with light,
Tender as dewy dawn after the night,
Abash the stars. Yet not thy comely mien
Can stir the emotions of the soul within
As those sweet chords that from thy harp take flight
And mingle in their frolicsome delight
With resonances of the worlds that spin
In space; making songs weird, ecstatic, wild,
In whose warm, wanton, rapturous embrace,
The soul is fondled as a little child
Whose tiny heart flutters with joy, whose face,
Burning with passion, seeks the mother's breast
And finds within her arms sweet peace and rest.

Henry Emil Joy.

The Three Who Knew

(CONCLUDED)

THERE was Jefferson luggin' the very man out of the sewer. Thru, he was large, light, and loosely hung, and, had he been sober, would have looked honest, altho' not just attractive, but he was the man, and, after all, that was what mattered. I med Jefferson tell the policeman in I-talian all about how my brother-in-law had been subject to these seizures ever since that time when I hit him with a club when we were little 'uns,—an' I showed him the scar, too.

Jefferson said it was pure Tuscan he gabbed in. Anyhow, it was just that quare sort of stuff ye'd expect of a man who lived in the sewer. He passed away in the rig before we got to the rooms tho', an' it was only just snatches we got of his talk. I listened while Jefferson expounded an' explained how he would clear up all our doubts when he came to, an' meanwhile I med an inventory of his pockets, bein' rescued from a wathery grave as he was, an' I foun' a cheap watch and chain, a pencil, a knife, a note book with no notes in it, but the name "H. M. Timson" written inside it; an' as this was also on some envelopes in his pockets we concluded it must be his name. He must have drunk a frightful lot for he was in a thrance, so to spake, until the next mornin' and he appeared very resentful when he foun' that his fingers were a bit burnt from the match end I had stuck between them.

Jefferson was polite to him, almost deferential, when he waked up, but it was not long before he enquired how an Englishman cud spake such perfect Tuscan dialect. Timson looked at him as you might at some quare bird in the zoo an' demanded to know where the h—I he was an' what the Tuscan language had to do with him, an honest Englishman an' no cheap I-talian. Jefferson was a little pale

aroun' the gills. It was clear he was an Englishman an' a cockney at that, but still he knew Tuscan, that we cud swear to, an' he must be our man because of the way we had been led to fish him out of that sewer by what Jefferson called our natural involuntary psychological directin' instinct. And yet, here we seemed to be stuck. But of course, it might be that his mind was still a bit unsteady from the large evenin' he had just celebrated.

"We will give you five pounds," says Jefferson to him in Tuscan, thinkin' to trap him, "if you will come for a little jaunt up the country with us an' look at a bit of old architecture, about which we would value your opinion." "He's a deep devil," says I, for the man showed no signs of understandin' but only swore awful, an' then beggin', in a finely embroidered form of the Queen's English as foun' in Whitechapel, for water. I brought the water an' he drank like a horse, an' an ungrateful one, too, for he had no more than finished, when he asked what business it was of ours to disturb a British citizen in the exorcise of his liberty an' prerogative to get drunk wherever, whenever, an' however he chose, an' when we explained that we had rescued him from the police, he even had the nerve to beg for money. He certainly was a low looking boy, was Timson, an' I sure hated him. Just the same, we were sure he hed the secret we were after, locked up in that stupid lookin' head of his, if we cud only get it out. His askin' for money as he did, gave Jefferson a chance to repeat his proposition in plain English, an' at the mention of five pounds th' old shyster perked up surprisin' quick an' agreed to go anywhere with us.

We, naturally bein' curious to compare his case with our own, asked him if there was anythin' strange connected with his birth or family, an' he became insulted, as only people of that class do, an' shut up like an eyester. However, the thought of the five pounds kept him from breakin'

with us entirely, an' after washin' him up a bit to make him less unpleasant company, we started out for Lastia.

He probably got on to the fact that he was supposed to know somethin' that we wanted to find out for he raised our hopes on the journey by unburdenin' his soul with several ambiguous remarks which I now know meant nothin' at all, but which at the time seemed full of hidden meanin',—at least to Jefferson's superior understandin'. Well, we landed up in Lastia again without any mishaps and made straight for the church with Timson in tow.

I cud see that Jefferson was excited an' uneasy, an' as for me, the big beads of sweat were rollin' off me like they do off the ice pitcher in August. But Timson was only sullen. He was sober now, not having had a drop of liquor in three days and the state didn't seem to agree with him. Jefferson led him slowly up the aisle into the transept an' stopped before the picture with the air of a court chamberlain introducin' Solomon to the Queen of Sheba. 'What do you make of that, now?' he hissed into Timson's ear. Timson looked at the picture an' then at us, but there was no flash of understandin' in his slimy and immoral eye. You cud have knocked us down with a toothpick,—our pet theories were goin' to smash. 'I think,' says Timson, 'that she be an exceedingly 'omely old girl, an' if you 'ave paid me five puns to come an' look at that, you must be bloomin' idiots, but pay's pay an' I'm an honest man. I say 'ow long do I 'ave to stan' 'ere an' gaze?' I was beginnin' to wake up, but Jefferson was the figure of disappointment. 'It's all up,' says he, 'he's not our man. We must have made a mistake about that Tuscan.' 'Not so fast,' says I, 'come outside, an' we'll see if we can't oil the wheels of his Tuscan talkin' apparatus with some Chianti, an' see what that'll do for him.' And with that we went out into the town and cornered the booze market. The effect was pretty slow in comin' but after a while he

began to drivel a little Tuscan again, and with that Jefferson began to look up and take notice. We got him into a beautiful state between total petrification and a sort of holy fervor and then navigated him to the picture again. He was all Tuscan now as far as the speech went; at the sight of the picture, he stiffened up an' his face went white, then he fell down before it like a mad man. He howled Tuscan, he sobbed Tuscan an' he prayed in Tuscan, his skinny fingers working all the time as if tellin' over an imaginary rosary. Then, while Jefferson and I stood open mouthed like wooden men, he got up like a man in a trance, his eyes glassy an' starin' straight ahead. When his hands touched the frame, it was as if a shock of electricity went clane through him, an' he began feelin' along the knobs on the gilded woodwork as if he was used to them. Jefferson was watchin' him like a terrior watches a cat, an' as the tremblin' fingers at last rested on a small knob, for all the world like the others, he grabbed me by the shoulder and dug his finger nails right through my tweed norfolk. 'We've got it now,' he almost shouted, 'it's a spring.' Just as he said the words, the picture swung out like a door and there was a little shrine inside. Timson, or whatever the creature was, for he seemed transformed into something horrible, gave one shriek that must have roused everybody within a hundred paces of that church, wrenched open his shirt at the throat, tore off something that he wore around his neck and flung it at the head of the little squatting figure in the shrine. Then before we cud catch him, he fell down on the stone floor in a dead faint.

It was then that Jefferson showed the stuff that was in him. We cud hear hurryin' feet comin' through the porch an' we had to think quick. Before I cud say anythin', he had grabbed the thing Timson had flung into the shrine, and with it the only other loose object, a bunch of old papers, and when the priest and caretakers came runnin'

into the transept, the picture was shut, an' all I had to do was to explain that my poor friend had had another of those unfortunate fits.

It was the last of the poor divil, tho', an' he quit shortly after we got him to the inn. We left money to have him planted decent, took the first train away from Lastia, an', as soon as we got into a compartment by ourselves, we spread out the papers, an' set to work to make up our minds just what had happened to us. Before we got to the end of the trip, Jefferson had it all checked off. I never got it quite through this head of mine, but it was somethin' about—what do you call it? reincarnation, that's it. Timson, the reincarnation of the thief hounded down unconsciously by Jefferson and me with the souls of his pursuers bottled up in us. It makes me creepy to think on it. It must have been somethin' big we did. Anyhow, when Jefferson sent our loot down to Rome with a long letter of explanations, they decorated us handsome for it, an' whether it was all bull-headed luck or, as Jefferson called it, a magnificent triumph of mind over matter, I don't know but I think that any man who has gone through the same performance might be excused for belavin' in the spirit world." He rose and shook himself, "'Tis late," he said, "an' I must be goin'."

*Donald Cuyler Vaughan,
K. Sawyer Goodman.*

The Bluebird's Message

Deserted now the meadows lie
That lately bloomed with summer flowers,
And, like the southward-winging birds,
Fly swiftly past, the daylight hours.

Fair Summer, hostess of the fields,
With loit'ring steps has turned away ;
And Nature stands with tear-dimmed eyes
To watch her on her lonely way.

Only the tiny bluebird sings his oft-repeated lay,
" *Far-away, far-away, far-away.*"

So sweetly-sad this tender strain,
So full of yearning for the past,
That in our hearts some sorrow stirs,
And in our eyes the tears rise fast.

Yet if we listen but again
A different, sweeter song we hear,
A song that brings a gleam of joy
And wipes away the idle tear.

For now the tiny bluebird sings with simple-hearted
cheer :

" The springtime comes again to us, so, *never-fear.*"

Henry J. van Dyke, 3d.

The Burning of The Gaspee

ON the 9th of June 1772, an event occurred which very strangely is seldom mentioned in our standard histories which purport to treat of events prior to the American Revolution. This was the burning of H. M. S. "Gaspee," an act which in the language of Thurlow, then attorney general of Rhode Island, "is of five times the magnitude of the stamp act," and which was the incentive leading to the establishment in 1773 of committees of correspondence among the colonies. All the more strange is this failure to give greater space to what can justly be claimed the first organized uprising against the British Rule, when the effect it produced on the country at large is considered.

Relations with England were everywhere in a very strained condition. In North Carolina there had been bloodshed in a riot against William Tyron the royal governor, and also in Boston, British soldiers had fired upon and killed several citizens. The capture of the "Gaspee" however, an act of open rebellion, and one involving the utmost daring on the part of the attacking party, receives today but a brief mention when it is spoken of at all. And it is with the purpose of calling attention to this important occurrence and giving some credit to the men who organized and led the attack, that this article is written. Any one caring for more detailed information on the subject, the author would refer to interesting accounts in Bacon's "Narragansett Bay," Arnold's "History of Rhode Island" and Staple's "Documentary History of the Destruction of the Gaspee."

As early as the year 1764 the relations of the colony of Rhode Island with the mother country had reached an unpleasant stage. In retaliation for the impressment of her seamen, the people of the colony had fitted out a schooner to attack an English revenue cutter, the "St. John," and were

deterred from doing so only at the last moment by the arrival of a man-of-war in Newport Harbor. A few years later the government sloop "Liberty" had been cut loose from her wharf and, drifting ashore, had been set on fire by unknown persons. The English government, persistent in antagonizing the wishes of the Rhode Islanders and determined to carry out the revenue laws at all costs, stationed in Narragansett Bay in the spring of 1772, several ships of the royal navy, to enforce them. Among these ships was the schooner "Gaspee" of eight guns, and under the command of a young naval officer, Lieutenant Duddingston. This vessel, which was particularly assigned to patrol the waters of the bay, proceeded at once to enforce the laws in a most obnoxious manner. She made a practice of stopping and searching all vessels she passed, causing them much unnecessary delay, and where unwillingness to comply with her demands was exhibited, she carried them out by a display of force.

But what rendered these aggressions a doubly bitter pill for the Rhode Islanders to swallow, was that they were carried on in the territorial waters of the colony without the sanction of its governor, Joseph Wanton. His demand that Lieutenant Duddingston should produce some kind of a commission informing him of the authority whereby he was presuming to enforce the revenue laws, resulted in a haughty reply in which the claim of a provincial governor to control the actions of a naval officer was contemptuously scorned. The matter being finally referred to Admiral Montague, elicited the reply that he would "hang as pirates" anyone attempting to rescue any ship seized by Duddingston. Hereupon the citizens of Providence outraged by the repeated seizures of their shipping, and angered at the contempt shown for the laws of the colonies, concluded that affairs could go on no longer as they had been doing and that a crisis had been reached. They de-

cided to take matters into their own hands and if need be, resist by force of arms the action of the "Gaspee."

In the meantime a number of Providence merchants under the leadership of Mr. John Brown, the owner of large ship yards, and Capt. Abraham Whipple, sheriff of Kent County, were considering by what means they could best be rid of the obnoxious vessel. Before long an opportunity to do so unexpectedly presented itself. It happened that on the 9th day of June, the "Hannah," a packet under the command of one, Benjamin Lindsay, set sail from Newport for Providence. She had barely rounded Goat Island at the mouth of the harbor when the "Gaspee," which was lying opposite off Conanicut Island, set sail and started in pursuit of her. Not heeding the signal to stop, the "Hannah" continued on her course, the "Gaspee" chasing her past the numerous islands in the bay and on into the Providence River. Lindsay on entering the river was obliged to tack and in doing so changed his course from an easterly to a westerly one, running in close to the western bank. The "Gaspee" following suit and less familiar than the "Hannah" with the narrow channel, ran in too close to shore and grounded hard on the shallow bottom off Namquit, since called Gaspee Point.

Lindsay as soon as he arrived at Providence, seven miles away, informed Mr. Brown of the "Gaspee's" situation. The latter straightway concluded that the "Gaspee" would remain where she was until the tide rose the next morning, and decided that now the opportunity for which the colonists had so long waited, to retaliate and enforce the colonial authority had arrived. Collecting eight cutters from his yard and from vessels in the harbor he called upon Capt. Whipple and upon several other leading merchants to collect men willing to risk their lives in an attack on the royal vessel. Speedily forming a plan of action the long roll was sounded at dusk in the main street

of Providence to assemble volunteers. The news had quickly spread abroad that the "Gaspee" was aground and by ten o'clock sixty men had assembled at the house of James Lasbin, a kind of inn or lodging house opposite Fenno's wharf. Here they set about preparing arms, casting bullets and receiving instructions from the commander of the expedition, Capt. Whipple.

It is interesting, before proceeding further, to note the character of the men engaged in the enterprise. They were for the most part the leading men of Providence, and counted among their number such men as John Brown the shipmaster, and John B. Hopkins later a captain in the navy, son of Commodore Esek Hopkins. Whipple, the commander, was one of the first commodores of the navy and, in the war of Independence, captured prizes to the value of one million dollars. It was he who, on June 12th, 1775, fired the first broadside of the Revolution in an action giving rise to the following interesting correspondence. Capt. Wallace of the royal frigate, "Rose," enraged at the defeat of a vessel belonging to his squadron, and learning who it was that three years previous had led the attack on the "Gaspee" wrote as follows to Whipple :

"You, Abraham Whipple on the 10th of June, 1772 burned his majestie's vessel the Gaspee, and I will hang you at the yard arm.

James Wallace."

To this Whipple curtly replied :

"To Sir James Wallace,

Sir :—

Always catch a man before you hang him.

Abraham Whipple."

Shortly after ten o'clock the party embarked and with muffled oar-locks rowed down to where the "Gaspee" lay hard and fast. It was about one o'clock on Wednesday morning when the party, formed in line with Whipple at one end and Hopkins at the other, rowed head on towards

the "Gaspee." When within about sixty yards, the sentinel hailed them. But they returned no answer to this or to his hail repeated again. And it was only when Duddington, alarmed at the noise, mounted the gunwale attired merely in his night-shirt, and called "who goes there," that Whipple replied. Using plenty of profanity, according to an eye-witness, he shouted "I am the sheriff of the county of Kent, I have a warrant to apprehend you and I demand your surrender." With this, the boats were rowed at full speed towards the bow of the ship. There was instantly an exchange of shots and a futile attempt made by the ship's crew to train their guns on the boats. But before this could be done, the colonists had swarmed up over the bow and in a short hand-to-hand struggle with clubbed muskets and paving stones driven the English crew below. No one had been killed, but Duddington, the most seriously wounded, had fallen, shot through the groin, and seeing that his men were beaten, surrendered the ship. The party, as soon as his wounds were attended to, removed the crew to the boats and having secured the ship's papers, embarked after setting fire to the "Gaspee," which burned well on into the morning, her loaded guns going off from time to time as the fire reached them.

The act of retaliation was now fulfilled and, to quote from Arnold, "In the flames of the burning 'Gaspee' were consumed that night the last hope or wish of pardon." In a few days the news had spread through the colonies and everywhere the question was asked "what will the outcome be?" In the words of Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, "If it is passed over without a full inquiry and due resentment, our Liberty people will think they may with impunity commit any acts of violence, be they ever so atrocious, and the friends of government will despond and give up all hope of being able to withstand the faction."

When the news reached England, rewards of one thousand pounds sterling were offered for the arrest and conviction of each of the two leaders, and of five hundred pounds for the arrest and conviction of any of the participants. A commission of investigation was immediately formed composed of Admiral Montague, and the following chief justices Daniel Horsmanden of New York, Peter Oliver of Massachusetts; Frederick Smythe of New Jersey and Governor Wanton. To watch their proceedings the assembly of Rhode Island met at East Greenwich and being ordered by commissioners to spy out, arrest and transport the offenders to England, refused, with Stephen Hopkins at their head, to do so. Not finding sufficient evidence to convict any of the participants, the commission reported its failure to King George after a three week's session. They had failed in their purpose, a failure all the more remarkable when it is considered what large rewards were offered for persons whose identity was known to every one in Rhode Island. The greatest credit is due to the patriotism of the colonists for scorning the rewards and shielding those wanted by the authorities, especially when it is remembered that allegiance was still owed to Great Britain.

Thus the investigation resulted in failure but the affair was uppermost in men's minds. Everywhere men were inspired with the feeling that revolution was at hand. Its flame had been kindled in the burning of the "Gaspee," and, in this so called "Lexington of the Seas," appeared the beginning of a struggle which was to lose England her richest American colonies.

Charles Trowbridge Tiltmann.

Freedom

Come up to the higher ranges, wherever the king wind
blows,
Up where the big-horn pastures, amid the eternal snows,
Where the air is clean for breathing and the grizzly reigns
in state,
Where the conies play in the lichens and the cougar calls
his mate,
Where the skies are always smiling, the lakes the same
deep blue,
Where the game is always teeming and men alone are few.

There will I build my camp-fires—there where a man can
live,
Where he can learn of the wild things—find what the Red
Gods give :
Up where the elk are battling, waking the woods with cries,
Where the fields are cold from the snow-fields and trout are
greedy for flies,
There where a man grows silent—finding his proper place;
In town there is always hurry—up there is only space.

There where my life was happy—simple and plain my food,
The forest gave me a living—the hunting gods were good.
I slept in the open moonlight—I loved the grey dawn's
cold,
I made my peace with the mountains—and then I found
the gold.

Sterling Morton.

Adrastus

THE figure of a young man emerged from the impenetrable blackness of the woodland ; slowly he walked and wearily. As he came to the edge of the shadow he glanced furtively about,—a wild, gleaming madness in his eyes,—then stepped out upon the starlit Lydian desert, now cooled by the night breeze. He drew his cloak more tightly about him, and passed silently over the endless sands.

The wind grew colder, and a great gust, cracking and rending the tall cedars, blew out over the desert. Blackness filled the sky ; the stars were hidden, and the earth trembled. The man fell upon the ground and screamed—a long, shrill, piercing scream that rent the blackness; and the wild hyenas answered in mockery. The man lay upon his face, clutching the cold sands, and prayed, "Is there no rest," he cried, "O Mighty Nemesis; is there no rest, O thou who pursuest me to eternity? Over the Phrygian wilderness have I come, over the rugged peaks of Aram, through the snow-clad mountains of Tarus, and the burning sands of Syria. The three great rivers have bathed my feet, and my hair is covered with the dust of many lands. Art thou here also; wilt thou never depart from me?" Again he cried aloud and lay shuddering upon the ground. The trembling of the earth ceased; the clouds blew past, the wind died down, and once more the stars brightened the endless sands. The man raised himself and staggered onward, unnerved, exhausted; his eyes gleaming with a wild unnatural light, looked far out over the black horizon,—then he laughed—a madman's laugh. The curse of Cain was upon him.

All day had the gold and purple standards of Lydia flown from every pinnacle of the golden palace; for King Croesus had sent heralds throughout the royal city of Sardis,

and throughout the whole land, proclaiming: "Hear all ye people, Croesus, King of Lydia, Thrace and Ionia has dreamed a dream, and the interpretation is this: Prince Atys shall die by the point of an iron weapon; therefore the King decrees that Atys no longer lead the Lydian horsemen, but this day take unto himself a wife from the daughters of Lydia." A great pavilion had been built wherein a thousand censers burnt with the perfume of Arabia, and a thousand golden lamps turned night into a blaze of glory. Burnished helmets and breastplates hung upon the walls, rich with the golden tapestries of India and the purple of Tyre, and a thousand Ethiopian slaves languidly swayed palm branches to and fro. And Prince Atys and his young bride were borne, in the royal chariot, up through the parted ranks of shouting horsemen, with the blare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals. So, upon the golden throne, amid the strength and beauty of Lydia, the wit and learning of Ionia, sat Atys and his bride, and the grey-haired king. Then the great tables were set and the guests feasted and made merry with much wine, but the prince did neither eat nor drink, but sat disconsolate, now speaking in low whispers to his bride, now eagerly scanning the armor on the walls and ever turning his eyes away sorrowfully. For nowhere amid the profusion of mailed coats and helmets did a spear point gleam. Nor did the dancing girls please him, nor the singers. Finally came the white-bearded Mucan with his harp. Then indeed the hall was still, and the chorus ceased its singing and the revelers ceased to drink. And Mucan sang of the glories of the prince—the hero of a hundred battles. Of wars and conflicts he sang, and the shouts of Lydian horsemen, the flash of spears and the ringing of shields. The prince listened; his pulse throbbed to the harp's beat; his dark eyes glowed with the light of resolution. Then he turned them to the armor on the walls, and bethought

him of his father's dream. The light died from his eyes; he cried: "Enough." Again "the revel went whirling on," and all was noise and jollity in the great pavilion.

Suddenly a shadow seemed to rest upon the gay company. The music stopped; the dancers paused; wine cups raised to the lips were left untouched; the guard at the doorway reeled back; a nameless terror seized upon the revelers. All eyes turned to the entrance, where the muffled figure of a man appeared. He threw down his outer garment, revealing the wasted limbs; the black hair hanging in streaks about his face. All made way for him as he tottered forward toward the throne. The aged King crouched before his piercing gaze, but the young prince flinched not. Clearly his voice rang through the hall: "I know thee, Adrastus, son of Gordius, enemy of the King, darest thou—" his voice sank; the stranger laughed aloud,—a shudder rang through the hall.

Before Atys spoke again the man bowed low and said: "O Prince, live forever, thou sayest rightly, I am Adrastus, son of Gordius, but no longer an enemy to the King; no longer shall I lead the Phrygian armies out to meet you. The hand of the gods is heavy upon me. Unwittingly have I slain my brother and I am now driven from my father's house and from mine own country; and am come hither to seek the purification of the Lydians." Then the foremost of the nobles rushed to seize him but the King called out: "Not so, he has come willingly to our court."

So Adrastus was purified in the great temple and the King welcomed him and bade him be merry. But he sat silent and apart, and often would the young prince sit with him, complaining of his father's restraints, for Atys longed once more for the hunts, for the clash of arms and the shout of Lydian horsemen. Thus as they sat one day in the golden court, men of Mycia, subjects of Croesus came, saying: "O King, live forever, a great boar has come down

from the mountains, plundering our fields and ravaging our villages, and his tusks are like the lances of hostile soldiers that reek with the blood of the slaughtered. Therefore, O King, send with us Atys and the swift-footed Lydian youths and the great mouthed boar hounds."

Croesus remembering his dream answered and said: "Lydian youths and hounds will I send, but speak not of Atys."

And Atys hearing this rose up before the King saying: "Oh my father, wherefore art thou fearful? What will men say of me when I walk about the market place while the youths have gone to hunt? Moreover thy dream was of a battle and an iron weapon." Then the King was persuaded and called for Adrastus and bade him accompany his son and see that he came to no danger.

Adrastus bowed low before the King, saying: "O King live forever; thou hast purified me from the blood of my brother and has succored me when I was a stranger from my father's house and from mine own country, and hast made me even as a brother to the prince. Therefore I shall be a guardian to him and he shall return to you uninjured."

On the third day the royal huntsmen came to the foot of the Mysian Olympus. Here dwelt the great wild boar; even as they came wild eyed men and women came running, telling them of the beast. The prince was eager for the hunt and spurred on his horse to the edge of the woodland. Here as he drew rein he heard a great crushing and tearing of underbrush. Picked young men were sent into the forest to drive out the boar, but when the animal heard the bay-ing of the hounds behind him, he turned and the air was filled with the yelps of dogs ripped by his sharp tusks. So Atys and his companions dismounted and entered the forest. But a few paces had they gone when the boar charged from a nearby clump of brushwood. Atys stepped aside; the boar kept madly on; but unerringly, swiftly, the prince

hurled his spear and struck the boar full in the side. A great shout went up from the huntsmen, but the boar fell not; he stopped, turned, charged upon the prince. The prince leapt back and stumbled. A moment later and the boar would be upon him. Adrastus saw the danger. Once more the wild light gleamed in his eyes, the veins stood out upon his forehead, he gripped his ponderous spear,—armies had seen him thus and trembled,—he poised the spear an instant, then hurled it at the head of the charging beast. But the boar was already spent; he stopped short,—fell,—and the spear of Adrastus passed on into the breast of Atys.

That night was the sound of lamentation heard in the royal city of Sardis. No longer did the gold and purple banners float from the pinnacles of the golden palace, no longer did the rich tapestries hang upon the walls of the great pavilion; no longer did the thousand lamps gleam with the light of happiness. The wail of a million mourners beat against the starless sky. Again Atys was borne up between the ranks of lamenting horsemen toward the golden throne; and slowly and painfully Adrastus walked behind. He held out his hands to the stricken King beseeching death, saying: "O King the hand of the gods is heavy upon me. My brother I slew and now I have slain the son of my benefactor. I must die."

And Croesus, though he was sore stricken, pitied Adrastus and made answer: "Thou hast said well, but thou hast made full recompense by condemning thyself. Live therefore, and be a son to mine old age." Adrastus turned from the King, he clutched his hair; his face twitched; he staggered toward the body of the prince, and with a mad cry fell dead across it. A hush ran through the throng of mourners; then a redoubled wave of lamentation swept the hall; out it swept from the grey-haired King to the watches at the doorway, out through the royal city of Sardis and through many cities.

James Arthur Muller.

A Note of Autumn

When Autumn trails the woodland
With leaves of glorious hue,
The birds all flock together,
Then flit about the heather,
Fly South, to warmer weather,
Fly South, to sweeter dew,
When Autumn trails the woodland
With leaves of glorious hue.

The golden skies more golden,
And richer tints,—more rare
Than gems or costly treasure,
Some lovely princess' pleasure
Piled up in flowing measure,
And bright beyond compare,—
Are Autumn's gifts of olden
Time,—and still are fair.

Ah Love, if love were dying,
And care no longer free,
Would you that care discover,
Around your head to hover
The spirit of your lover,
Still watching over thee?
As Autumn breezes sighing,
I hear you sigh, "Ah me!"

Thomas Clinton Pears, Jr.

Rose of the Mountains

THOMPSON of the Journal was still a young man. Already he was working mechanically with the regularity of a machine. Five years ago he had gone out from the little Southern college on the hill with rosy dreams and a heart full of hope. He had plunged with zest into the maelstrom of newspaper life. Stories had flowed from his pen, and slowly he had risen from post to post, up the long ladder of drudgery until now he was pointed out to the awe-struck "cub" as the "star" of the Journal.

But with success dreams had faded. He had seen all sides of life. Beneath the shadow of the soft summer nights in the slums he had seen the tinsel show of painted women and coarse featured men; in ballrooms he had swayed to perfect music. The upper world was proud of him—a man doing a man's work and doing it well. But as he sat in the office idly fingering the keys of his typewriter, he realized he was tired. The daily round of toil, the monotony of the excitement was dulling his soul, blunting his higher sensibilities. The realization that the ideal of his youth was but a dream made his heart heavy.

The assignment of the City Editor to "do" the feud up in the mountains was welcome. Thompson procured his pass, packed his grip, and with a sense of relief saw the smoky sky and roof-line of the city fade away. A day later saw him breasting the foot-hills, jerking out monosyllables at a raw-boned animal, passing under the transparent alias of a thoroughbred. Five miles from the center of hostilities the harness broke. With a muttered oath Thompson set to solving the puzzle of a rawhide harness.

"Won't you let me help you, Stranger?"

Thompson started. The plain, homely words, uttered with the sweet Southern drawl and broad accent seemed

A Note of Autumn

When Autumn trails the woodland
With leaves of glorious hue,
The birds all flock together,
Then flit about the heather,
Fly South, to warmer weather,
Fly South, to sweeter dew,
When Autumn trails the woodland
With leaves of glorious hue.

The golden skies more golden,
And richer tints,—more rare
Than gems or costly treasure,
Some lovely princess' pleasure
Piled up in flowing measure,
And bright beyond compare,—
Are Autumn's gifts of olden
Time,—and still are fair.

Ah Love, if love were dying,
And care no longer free,
Would you that care discover,
Around your head to hover
The spirit of your lover,
Still watching over thee?
As Autumn breezes sighing,
I hear you sigh, "Ah me!"

Thomas Clinton Pears, Jr.

Rose of the Mountains

THOMPSON of the Journal was still a young man. Already he was working mechanically with the regularity of a machine. Five years ago he had gone out from the little Southern college on the hill with rosy dreams and a heart full of hope. He had plunged with zest into the maelstrom of newspaper life. Stories had flowed from his pen, and slowly he had risen from post to post, up the long ladder of drudgery until now he was pointed out to the awe-struck "cub" as the "star" of the Journal.

But with success dreams had faded. He had seen all sides of life. Beneath the shadow of the soft summer nights in the slums he had seen the tinsel show of painted women and coarse featured men; in ballrooms he had swayed to perfect music. The upper world was proud of him—a man doing a man's work and doing it well. But as he sat in the office idly fingering the keys of his typewriter, he realized he was tired. The daily round of toil, the monotony of the excitement was dulling his soul, blunting his higher sensibilities. The realization that the ideal of his youth was but a dream made his heart heavy.

The assignment of the City Editor to "do" the feud up in the mountains was welcome. Thompson procured his pass, packed his grip, and with a sense of relief saw the smoky sky and roof-line of the city fade away. A day later saw him breasting the foot-hills, jerking out monosyllables at a raw-boned animal, passing under the transparent alias of a thoroughbred. Five miles from the center of hostilities the harness broke. With a muttered oath Thompson set to solving the puzzle of a rawhide harness.

"Won't you let me help you, Stranger?"

Thompson started. The plain, homely words, uttered with the sweet Southern drawl and broad accent seemed

like the soothing murmur of a woodland brook. He turned to find a pair of wide, deep brown eyes, a sun-bonnet, and a dark blue calico dress, which was attempting to conceal the straight lithesome form of a girl. In the depths of the brown eyes was just a twinkle of merriment. Thompson stood wonder-struck, while the harness assumed shape under her deft fingers. Even the horse whinnied when the sun-brown hand patted his nose.

"One good turn deserves another," said Thompson, regaining something of his former assurance. "Can't I give you a lift?"

The brown eyes smiled.

"Five mile is naught to us, stranger, but p'rhaps the harness may break again."

And Thompson found that even to him five miles were short. Forgotten was the red sunset, and the noises of the woods. The jolting of the rocky road seemed the gentle undulations of a boat adrift on a silver stream. The horse seemed swaying to some angelic rhythm. He cursed sun-bonnets, and in the same breath blessed Dame Nature for such a soft chin and full rounded throat. And when the sun-bonnet did turn his way, Thompson, erstwhile practical reporter on a practical daily, drifted down the river of time in the light of golden brown eyes.

But even dreams have an end, and Thompson, with the sweet "I thank you, stranger," in his ears, watched her threading the fields to the little log cabin above the road. The day suddenly seemed darker and the forest full of shadows. He noticed with a start that the sun was down.

That night he wrote his story. A ten dollar bill, slipped into the hand of the postmaster, proved a worker of magic. He learned the private history of all involved, the story of the feud, the history of the county. Seated in his room by the light of a single candle the story flowed from him. He told of the life of rough old John Hughes. A wild lad, heir

to a fortune, Hughes had been falsely accused of a theft. A duel followed and the man who was trying to saddle his own deed on Hughes was killed. A fugitive from justice, Hughes had fled the Eastern city to the mountains of Kentucky. The history of the young girl who had fled with him as his wife, ready to do all for the love of him, wove in the story a silver thread of romance. Then he told how the years had passed and how the rough life was too severe for the young wife. She had died, leaving Hughes alone with two sons and a daughter. He had lived with his children in a single log cabin,—a silent, brave man, feared by all and respected by many. Then he told how the Bensons, who lived across the river, had taunted John Hughes, calling him a thief, and how old Hughes had wreaked his vengeance in a fair fight. It was a thrilling story and Thompson wrote it out by hand, cursing the town that could not boast a typewriter.

The next afternoon the city papers reached the town. A thrill passed through the sleepy mountain village. The great daily had three columns about its feud. The postmaster was at a fever heat. He showed the paper to old John Hughes who came riding in after his mail.

"Makes you feel sort of famous, eh, John?"

But Hughes read it in silence and the lines on his face hardened. He was a man of few words.

"Who wrote this thing?"

"That stranger over yondah at Judson's—him that come in last night with a biled shirt."

Hughes rode away with the paper under his arm, his rough felt hat pulled low over eyes hard and cold.

That night as Thompson was writing his second story, the door of his room opened and three men entered—a tall man with an iron gray moustache, followed by two younger men.

"Come with us, stranger."

Thompson looked up and read something he did not like in the cold eyes fixed on his. Without a word he took his hat and followed them. They went out from the town into the fields, the big man leading, the others bringing up the rear. They climbed a hill and came to a rough log-cabin.

Thompson started as he entered. Seated by a table on which was a rude lamp,—her brown hair touched with gold in the mellow light, was the girl whose face had been filling his thoughts. But nothing in her eyes showed they had ever met.

"Back so soon, Father?" she said.

The man merely nodded.

"Bring on supper," he said.

The meal served consisted chiefly of hot cakes and sorghum molasses.

"Take a cake, stranger," said Hughes, "take two cakes, take dum nigh all of 'em, stranger."

Yet beneath the seeming hospitality Thompson felt the tension. He held every nerve tight, ready for the least opening. Only once did he meet the brown eyes across the table, and then he thought he read a message there.

The meal over, Hughes sent the girl—Rose he called her—after a pail of water. When she was gone, he stood Thompson at the far end of the room and taking down his Winchester looked to the loading.

"Show him the paper," he said curtly. "Did you write that, stranger?"

Thompson had always held himself a brave man; now he felt the chill of fear. He tried to lie, but the steel eyes were on him. He felt his throat dry as he rasped out, "I did."

Hughes never changed expression.

"Stranger," he said, "I'm John Hughes. I guess you've heard of me before. Seeing I've got a reputation around these parts I might as well stick to it. When a man does

me a mean turn, he always gets a chance fair and square. I don't want nobody a-meddling with my private accounts. Bob, hand the stranger your gun. Now Sam, you count—one, two, three. When he says 'three,' stranger, we both fire. If there is any Higher Power I guess he's a going to decide who's the skunk."

Thompson took the gun with an air of cool unconcern which he did not feel. He knew now the sensation of the soldier, led to a hopeless charge.

Then the door flew open and the girl entered. A quick glance and she knew.

"Father—" and the brown eyes, full of reproach, looked at him. But the blue eyes were hard.

"Father, for her sake," and she pointed to a painted miniature on the wall, a young girl with brown eyes and brown hair—she who had died years ago.

The Winchester dropped to the floor and the rugged old mountaineer spat in the fire.

"Child, when I send you about your business, doan' come gaddin' around the men folks, Sam, tie the stranger in the corner."

So Thompson, the thongs of raw-hide eating into his wrists like fire, sat in the shadow and watched this strange family. He heard the nightly reading of a chapter of the bible—the promise given her whose picture hung on the wall. Rose read at the request of old Hughes about "life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth."

Then bidding her father good-night, she went to her room at the end of the cabin. As she turned at the door, Thompson met her eyes again—she placed her finger to her lips and was gone. Later followed old Hughes, climbing the ladder to the loft, his sons close behind him. Left in the room alone, with the flickering fire slowly dying, the hours flew with Thompson. He fell into a light doze. He walked through flowered fields, by babbling brooks, leading his wild rose of the mountains.

like the soothing murmur of a woodland brook. He turned to find a pair of wide, deep brown eyes, a sun-bonnet, and a dark blue calico dress, which was attempting to conceal the straight lithesome form of a girl. In the depths of the brown eyes was just a twinkle of merriment. Thompson stood wonder-struck, while the harness assumed shape under her deft fingers. Even the horse whinnied when the sun-brown hand patted his nose.

"One good turn deserves another," said Thompson, regaining something of his former assurance. "Can't I give you a lift?"

The brown eyes smiled.

"Five mile is naught to us, stranger, but p'rhaps the harness may break again."

And Thompson found that even to him five miles were short. Forgotten was the red sunset, and the noises of the woods. The jolting of the rocky road seemed the gentle undulations of a boat adrift on a silver stream. The horse seemed swaying to some angelic rhythm. He cursed sun-bonnets, and in the same breath blessed Dame Nature for such a soft chin and full rounded throat. And when the sun-bonnet did turn his way, Thompson, erstwhile practical reporter on a practical daily, drifted down the river of time in the light of golden brown eyes.

But even dreams have an end, and Thompson, with the sweet "I thank you, stranger," in his ears, watched her threading the fields to the little log cabin above the road. The day suddenly seemed darker and the forest full of shadows. He noticed with a start that the sun was down.

That night he wrote his story. A ten dollar bill, slipped into the hand of the postmaster, proved a worker of magic. He learned the private history of all involved, the story of the feud, the history of the county. Seated in his room by the light of a single candle the story flowed from him. He told of the life of rough old John Hughes. A wild lad, heir

to a fortune, Hughes had been falsely accused of a theft. A duel followed and the man who was trying to saddle his own deed on Hughes was killed. A fugitive from justice, Hughes had fled the Eastern city to the mountains of Kentucky. The history of the young girl who had fled with him as his wife, ready to do all for the love of him, wove in the story a silver thread of romance. Then he told how the years had passed and how the rough life was too severe for the young wife. She had died, leaving Hughes alone with two sons and a daughter. He had lived with his children in a single log cabin,—a silent, brave man, feared by all and respected by many. Then he told how the Bensons, who lived across the river, had taunted John Hughes, calling him a thief, and how old Hughes had wreaked his vengeance in a fair fight. It was a thrilling story and Thompson wrote it out by hand, cursing the town that could not boast a typewriter.

The next afternoon the city papers reached the town. A thrill passed through the sleepy mountain village. The great daily had three columns about its feud. The postmaster was at a fever heat. He showed the paper to old John Hughes who came riding in after his mail.

"Makes you feel sort of famous, eh, John?"

But Hughes read it in silence and the lines on his face hardened. He was a man of few words.

"Who wrote this thing?"

"That stranger over yondah at Judson's—him that come in last night with a biled shirt."

Hughes rode away with the paper under his arm, his rough felt hat pulled low over eyes hard and cold.

That night as Thompson was writing his second story, the door of his room opened and three men entered—a tall man with an iron gray moustache, followed by two younger men.

"Come with us, stranger."

Thompson looked up and read something he did not like in the cold eyes fixed on his. Without a word he took his hat and followed them. They went out from the town into the fields, the big man leading, the others bringing up the rear. They climbed a hill and came to a rough log-cabin.

Thompson started as he entered. Seated by a table on which was a rude lamp,—her brown hair touched with gold in the mellow light, was the girl whose face had been filling his thoughts. But nothing in her eyes showed they had ever met.

"Back so soon, Father?" she said.

The man merely nodded.

"Bring on supper," he said.

The meal served consisted chiefly of hot cakes and sorghum molasses.

"Take a cake, stranger," said Hughes, "take two cakes, take dum nigh all of 'em, stranger."

Yet beneath the seeming hospitality Thompson felt the tension. He held every nerve tight, ready for the least opening. Only once did he meet the brown eyes across the table, and then he thought he read a message there.

The meal over, Hughes sent the girl—Rose he called her—after a pail of water. When she was gone, he stood Thompson at the far end of the room and taking down his Winchester looked to the loading.

"Show him the paper," he said curtly. "Did you write that, stranger?"

Thompson had always held himself a brave man; now he felt the chill of fear. He tried to lie, but the steel eyes were on him. He felt his throat dry as he rasped out, "I did."

Hughes never changed expression.

"Stranger," he said, "I'm John Hughes. I guess you've heard of me before. Seeing I've got a reputation around these parts I might as well stick to it. When a man does

me a mean turn, he always gets a chance fair and square. I don't want nobody a-meddling with my private accounts. Bob, hand the stranger your gun. Now Sam, you count—one, two, three. When he says 'three,' stranger, we both fire. If there is any Higher Power I guess he's a going to decide who's the skunk."

Thompson took the gun with an air of cool unconcern which he did not feel. He knew now the sensation of the soldier, led to a hopeless charge.

Then the door flew open and the girl entered. A quick glance and she knew.

"Father—" and the brown eyes, full of reproach, looked at him. But the blue eyes were hard.

"Father, for her sake," and she pointed to a painted miniature on the wall, a young girl with brown eyes and brown hair—she who had died years ago.

The Winchester dropped to the floor and the rugged old mountaineer spat in the fire.

"Child, when I send you about your business, doan' come gaddin' around the men folks, Sam, tie the stranger in the corner."

So Thompson, the thongs of raw-hide eating into his wrists like fire, sat in the shadow and watched this strange family. He heard the nightly reading of a chapter of the bible—the promise given her whose picture hung on the wall. Rose read at the request of old Hughes about "life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth."

Then bidding her father good-night, she went to her room at the end of the cabin. As she turned at the door, Thompson met her eyes again—she placed her finger to her lips and was gone. Later followed old Hughes, climbing the ladder to the loft, his sons close behind him. Left in the room alone, with the flickering fire slowly dying, the hours flew with Thompson. He fell into a light doze. He walked through flowered fields, by babbling brooks, leading his wild rose of the mountains.

"Rose of the Mountains," he liked the name. He said it half aloud and awoke. Someone was cutting the thongs that bound him. He felt a warm breath on his cheek and heard a low "Ssh!" Then when his numb limbs were loosened, he caught the soft hand that freed him, and kissed it. But she led him silently out of the door at the rear of the house. All nature slept; the moon was up, and down over the forest he saw the red star of war. As he stood in the soft light, the brown eyes seemed larger and and darker. Thompson read something there he had hardly dared to hope for. She spoke rapidly.

"Quick, away! Go to the village, get your horse; ride for your life! They will follow and kill you. You—" She stopped in confusion, meeting his eyes.

"Stranger," she said, "for you I have been false to my father, to my own blood. Go back to the city and tell them there about the wild girl on the mountains, who because her heart was soft—"

"My Wild Rose of the Mountains," he whispered, as he drew the brown head close to his own, and reverently touched the soft curls with his lips.

"I go to-night," he said, "but I will come again— and soon." He felt her breath come faster.

"Go now!" she whispered. "At once! But don't forget—" she hesitated, with head hung low, and then said quickly, "your Wild Rose of the Mountains."

He tore himself away, and with a parting "I come again," he left her standing in the moonlight, her brown eyes soft and wide with wonder.

And as the footsteps died away, old John Hughes, from the window, looked down at the girl below. Something in his rough face was tender. He was thinking of another night and another Rose. So he turned and crept slowly back to his bed, with a muttered,

"And she loved him—my Rose.

Stiles Milton.

Editorial

A discussion of the efficacy of organized cheering as carried on at college athletic contests seems appropriate at this time inasmuch as some have considered that one of the elements of our victory over Harvard in baseball last June and of our defeat by Yale at football last month was the quality of the cheering on each of those occasions. Two fundamental questions suggest themselves. Is extensive, systematic cheering and singing desirable at all; and if it is desirable, cannot its present form be improved? Furthermore, we must consider the question from two sides: the standpoint of the player and of the spectator.

In the second half of the late Yale game, the cheering on the Princeton side was continuous from the blowing of the referee's whistle until the game was called. The numerous cheer-leaders, with backs self-sacrificingly turned upon the game in progress, allowed not an instant's cessation in the volume of sound and song sweeping across the field. Their devotion and energy were laudable, but the principle of uninterrupted cheering we believe to be obviously unwise. Cheering that is not voluntary can never be hearty, and the very fountain of spontaneous enthusiasm is sure to be dried up by three hours of enforced cheering. What else did it signify when in the late game locomotives died away at the third "boom," despite the frantic efforts of the cheer-leaders? There is a great difference between occasional spontaneous cheering, even when organized, and cheering that is evoked continuously—a difference of which even the players themselves cannot be wholly unconscious. Their ears becoming accustomed to the dull, incessant roar

from the grandstands, when the ball is near the center of the field, will not be as sensitive to the louder and more thrilling note when one of the goal lines is imminent. Thus, much of the inspiration which they should, of right, receive, is lost. Even the rousing strains of Old Nassau have lost much of their impressiveness by the eighth or ninth repetition in a single afternoon, proceeding as they do, from croaking and exhausted throats.

For the many thousand spectators, likewise, something must be said. Is that self-sacrifice necessary which responds to the request, actually made, to look not at the players but at the cheer-leader during every stage of the game? The spectators, graduate and undergraduate, are there to watch and to cheer the efforts of their team. Is it right that they be doomed to watch for several hours the heroic exertions of a particular cheer-leader, thus making a business of cheering a team whose actions they can only observe furtively, or at best sporadically?

Their cheering will not ring true unless their entire attention is concentrated on the gruelling struggle of their eleven men out on the gridiron—the source and object of their enthusiasm. However, granted that there are many faults in the system of organized cheering at the big games, we still believe that to be vastly preferable to mere spontaneous outbursts at crucial moments.

Therefore our second consideration has reference to the improvement of the existing custom. First of all, let us have more unity of action on the part of the cheer-leaders. In the recent Yale game, while the occupants of one section of the stands were responding to a locomotive, those in an adjoining section were endeavoring to sing "Old Nassau" under the eager leadership of a recent graduate. To secure the best success there should be *a* cheer-leader, *par excellence*, in fact as well as name, deputed to have charge of all the cheering and singing, and assisted by a

corps of sub-cheer-leaders distributed under his charge before the different stands. It should be his duty to see that the stands are cheering in unison or singing in time at those points in the game where he believes a cheer or a song is requisite. The sight of graduates of former years springing from their seats and leading the cheers, as they may have done in their college days, is inspiring, but demoralizing to the cause they seek to serve, inasmuch as they are not cognizant of the plan of action in the mind of the undergraduate leader. This we believe to have been the most noticeable fault on the twelfth of November—the various leaders acted more or less independently of each other. Our two suggestions, again, are as follows: that, for the benefit of both players and spectators, the songs and cheers be intermittent and suited to the successive contingencies of the game; and that the cheer-leaders work in unison under the lead of a recognized chief—customarily the leader of the glee club.

One word more. It is, we understand, the individual cheer that, more than all others, fires a man to do or die. We suggest that cheers of this sort be interposed more frequently, for the encouragement both of the man who is winning laurels and of the less fortunate one who, for the moment, is playing beneath his usual standard.

After mature consideration the present
An Innovation board of The Lit. has decided to break the time-hallowed custom by which only seniors have made up the personnel of the magazine, and to elect an assistant business manager from the junior class. The literary editors will be chosen from the incoming senior class as heretofore, a course which the dignity and weal of the paper would seem to demand. The new assistant manager, chosen in the winter, will logically succeed to the position of business manager at the end of the year, and will only then become a fully recognized member of the

board: thus The Lit. continues to be a senior class organization. The reason for this step hardly needs explanation. A single business manager is inadequate, both by reason of his own inexperience and the magnitude of the work, to perform promptly and thoroughly all the duties of his office. An assistant, profiting by a six month's apprenticeship, would assume the management of the paper in senior year with a knowledge of needful details invaluable to the new corps of editors.

The assistant business manager from the class of 1906 will be chosen immediately after the Christmas holidays, and his name will be announced in the January number of The Lit.

Gossip:

ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more,'"

Shakespeare.

They were but little gifts and yet methought
More precious than if out of silver wrought.

The coming of Christmas was in the air. You could tell it by the bleak December sky and the raw cold wind. A wind which blew little flurries of dust up into the eyes of the pedestrians, and made the women shoppers hurry along with bent heads, now and then grabbing nervously at their hats, or trying vainly to dodge the sudden gusts, which persisted in getting under every overhanging monstrosity and giving it a playful tilt upward, veil and hat pins notwithstanding.

Along the curbing and in the recesses between the tall buildings peddlars and fakirs had set up their stands, and were doing a brisk business in collar-buttons, Christmas tree decorations, and other small catch-pennies which people buy, more because they appear cheap at the time, than because they will be of any use afterwards.

One of these curbstone merchants the Gossip noticed especially. He seemed like a man accustomed to better things and poorly fitted for his present means of getting a livelihood. Mounted on a box behind his stand, this old fellow was trying to attract the attention of passersby to some kind of patent penknife that he was demonstrating to be as useful as a whole tool chest. In front of him had gathered a skeptical little knot of men and boys, which was constantly dissolving to a nucleus of one or two and reforming again. For in a city street you have but to stop a moment and stare—be it at a shop window or a pedlar's booth—to have a crowd collect around you. But though many halted to listen to the old man's harangue, they went their ways again without buying, and he was plainly becoming discouraged. Indeed it was evident he had not the power to hold attention or convince his hearers that they wanted what they knew they did not want. He was not domineering enough, was too mild, too fair even, in his statements and the knives were not sold.

As the Gossip watched, another scene came before him—a class-room scene—on the platform a little professor lecturing unheeded, doing his best to set forth his theories clearly, to make his subject interesting to an audience which plainly refused to be interested. Up near the front a

poler was taking notes—to sell later as syllabi at 65 per—but the rest of the fellows were either reading or, with a vacant gaze, dreaming of things far remote. Now and again the peaceful murmur of the lecture would be broken as a student arose and stalked out of the room, and a pained expression would cross the professor's face, but he kept at it bravely till the last bell rang. Then, indeed, the class awoke with a rustle, and, leaning forward, hung upon his closing sentence—listening with impatient intensity for the word of dismissal.

But the Gossip, an idle fellow who dreams through lectures like his comrades, felt a sudden wave of sympathy sweep over him. For he had often met the little professor outside the lecture room, and knew him to be at such times a sensible enough man, who could talk, even entertainingly, on most subjects and whose greatest disappointment was his inability to make his courses interesting, or to come into closer touch with the fellows under him.

So a wave of sympathy swept over the Gossip, and under its temporary influence he invested in one of the old fakir's penknives—which proved to be worthless—and went away with a new resolution: a resolution to pay at least the semblance of attention to the little professor, in future, and to sit out patiently till the end of each lecture.

The hustling eager crowd, however, soon jostled him out of this reverie, and reminded him that he was not there in his usual role, of a disinterested spectator, observing the passing show with a calm, philosophic eye. Nay, the Gossip is human, amenable to all the troubles of humanity, and just now he felt himself urged on from store to store by this same feverish impulse which animated the crowds about him. For Christmas was dangerously near, and the question of Christmas presents was yet unsolved.

There was one for his father, an impossible man who would buy himself whatever he wanted, if it were on Christmas Eve; and one for Aunt Maria—nobody could ever tell what she wanted, though that did not matter much. Then there was something for Billy. He had announced his hopes only too often, but they lay all in the direction of a new bicycle or a pony; or some other equally expensive token.

Still these presents and many others had to be purchased that day. But at the end the Gossip wondered if the Recording Angel gave him as much credit for them all put together, as for that one good resolution or for the penknife bought of the old fakir.

Editor's Table

"Who is guilty of a foolish question?"

Is College Literature worth while? The doubting Thomases ask this, and the query makes us smile. So easy to answer. It brings back the kindergarten days. Dear Teacher, you know, used to explain several times that the apples she held in her hand were round; then she would place the same apples on the front desk of the middle row of seats—where the bad boy who flipped paper-wads sat—and ask, "What shape have these?" Some of us said "Round," and some said "Red." The bad boy said nothing. He ate the apples,—and went home with a stomach-ache. Dear Teacher, however, always praised our perspicuity.

The Editor, having popped his question, does not propose to emulate the bad boy by saying nothing. It might cause him mental dyspepsia. Nor does he, a la kindergarten, intend to vouchsafe a mere "Yes" for reply. That would show scholastic training but—the Editor has decided upon an entirely original answer. Here it is:—"College Literature is decidedly worth while."

Who will praise his perspicuity?

There comes the eternal interrogation point. Why is College Literature worth while? The answer is simple. Here it is:—"Read your college magazine. Perhaps you will have the satisfaction of discovering the reason for yourself."

Speaking seriously, the wail reaches us that the literary work of university men is mediocre, immature, light (whatever that means) and conventional. Would you have—

1. A college of Shakespeares?
2. A college of Professors?
3. A college of Parsons?
4. A college of Iconoclasts?

Solutions of the Editor follow—

1. Give us time.
2. Give us more time.
3. Never.
4. No and yes.

In regard to Query Four, as in regard to every important issue, much can be said on both sides. The Editor would not desire every undergraduate littérateur to deal death-blows to the approved methods of writ-

ing a sonnet, a short story, an essay. The smug peace of the critic would be disturbed. That is the negative side. Now for the positive.

By the time a man is half-way through college he has—should he possess a literary bent—a more or less wide acquaintance with the best literature. If he has read the great writers at all carefully, their works have made some impression upon him. Unconsciously his written thoughts are cast after the fashion of his favorite author. And this is well. Yet, here is our point. The young writer is often too conscious of the influence upon him, too prone to accept another's ideal. Let him, when he sits down to his poem or story, utterly forget the row of books upon the shelf. Let him write as he himself thinks the story or poem should be written. Let him infuse his own soul in his writing. The influence will still be upon him, working deep down where the springs of thought are, making for results more lasting and beneficial. What is more to the point, there will be less of the favorite author and more of the individual personality.

Still more to the point, the doubting Thomases might be silenced.

To you, Mesdames and Messrs. College Magazines, a Merry Christmas! May you contain, from cover to cover, the best of all that is!! May Santa Claus bring you many appreciative readers!!!

Writing is not easy; neither is tiddle-winks.

"Complacency" in the Vassar Miscellany is an interesting view of woman-kind seen through the eyes of a woman. The eyes are sharp. We wonder if a twinkle lurks in them. "No Poet," a member of the large family of precocious child stories starts off well, but concludes with no solution to the difficulty.

"The Originality of Priscilla" in the Mount Holyoke does not speak well for that young lady's inventive powers. The editorial concerning the Freshman's view of college has matter for consideration.

"A Fisher of Girls" in the Smith College Monthly is distinctively amusing. It is told with delightful naïveté.

"Commencement" in the Brunonian is as good a love story as we have read in a long time. The dialogue is excellent; the ending, delicate in execution and gleam of significance.

The Yale Lit. reaches a high-water mark this month. "The Little Red Deer" is original and well worked out. "The Art of Joseph Conrad" gives a good insight into that author's methods.

The Holy Cross Purple contains the first installment of a continued story, "In The Long Years," which promises to be interesting. The main incident of this month's installment is improbable, but the story fascinates.

The Bowdoin Quill is interesting throughout. "A Pipe in the River" is worth two in the hand. At least that's the moral of the story.

VAGABOND DAYS

*A whiff of smoke and a gypsy wind,
A white road climbing high ;
Then off and away on the hills to-day,
Where the blue peaks touch the sky.*

This is the song we vagabonds sing,
Light of heart as a swallow's wing,
Or a thistle-bird in flight ;
Taking the trail for the autumn hills,
Where gentians bloom by the laughing rills,
And the forest blazes bright.

Corn-shock tents for our resting beds,
No other covering over our heads,
Only the frosty stars ;
Orchards a-plenty along the way,
And a foaming drink at the close of day
There by the pasture bars.

*A whiff of smoke and a gypsy wind,
A white road climbing high ;
Then on we go till falls the snow
On the blue peaks next the sky.*

C. W. Nichols, in the *Yale Lit.*

THE COMING OF THE STORM

Dark clouds are brooding o'er the deep,
While sea-gulls fly above the land ;
The glassy sea is stirred from sleep,
To dash against the rock-walled strand.

The air assumes a murky haze,
The breaking waves are foamy, white,
The sun withdraws his brilliant rays,
And day is changing into night.

The vessels haste across the bar,
And anchor safely from the gale,
But still is heard adown the spar,
The moaning wind through shroud and sail.

Old ocean robbed of half her fleet,
More angry grows and louder roars,
Essays to sink, beneath her sheet
The little isles and level shores.

The trees rock madly to and fro,
The wind and wave their powers form,
And all this wild, tumultuous show
Fortells the coming of the storm.

C. W. Snow, '07, in the *Bowdoin Quill*.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Do you remember, brother,
The sweet old childhood days
Before life lost its glamour?
When we played in the woodland ways,
Wholly and heartily children,
Comrades of elves and fays—
Do you remember, brother,
The dear old childhood days?

In the cool, green heart of the woodland
I am wandering to-day—
Here is the spring, little brother,
As if it were yesterday
That we leaned o'er its edge, all breathless,
And watched the slim, small trout,
Shadowy in the shadows,
Move silently about.
Above still bend green fern fronds,
Like a garland round a cup,
And 'neath the water, ever still
The white sand bubbles up.

But the little wandering children
Here mirrored in far-off days
I seek in vain in the wild-wood,
'Mid green and dewy ways,
Hand in hand they have wandered back
Into the glad old days,
To play there forever and ever
With the elves and the frolicsome fays.

Clara Winfield Newcomb, in Smith College Monthly.

Book Talk

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM MORRIS selected and edited by Percy Robert Colwell '97 is the latest volume of poems received from the Crowells'. The invaluable introduction dealing with Morris' life and writings, the careful and comprehensive selection of poems and the explanatory and, at times, critical notes accompanying, are the fruit of two years spent by Professor Colwell in preparing the work, while teaching in Princeton and Lawrenceville. There are some poems, as, for instance, "Pygmalion and the Image" which we should like to see in the collection; but really notable omissions are not to be found; and we observe with pleasure the presence of certain songs from "The Life and Death of Jason," of "The Burghers' Battle" and "The Fostering of Aslang." The book is published in attractive and substantial form, and deserves a place in the library of all who desire the best that is in Morris, excellently edited and attractively bound. (The Poems of William Morris selected and edited by Percy Robert Colwell. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES is the title of Rudyard Kipling's latest collection of short stories and poems. The former, eleven in number, deal for the most part with the late Boer War, and are just good Kipling stories, interesting, forceful, original. Among their number is "They", published in the August *Scribner's*, concerning which discussion ran rife. The volume contains ten short poems, printed singly on the page opposite the first page of each story. As very small type is used, a poem of six stanzas, four lines each, occupies a space one and one-half by two and one-half inches, and seems crammed on a page measuring approximately eight inches by five. The extent of unoccupied space causes some wonder. Kipling's work we have sometimes regarded in the nature of a mental tonic. It is refreshing and invigorating for a jaded mind to read one of his stories. But we generally read with a pinch of salt. In *Traffics and Discoveries*, the tonic will be found; the reader must supply the salt. (*Traffics and Discoveries*. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.)

Max Pemberton's latest novel is the usual romantic, exciting, vivacious, full of blood and love, variety. The hero is a youthful aide-de-camp of Napoleon's; the heroine a beautiful, patriotic enemy of France of noble birth; the end—let it speak for itself:

"In Gaston's arms, Beatrice told the story.

"I have served my people—my heart is at rest. Oh, my beloved, bid me sleep."

"He kissed her lips, and for answer called her his sweet wife."

The book will well serve to while away an hour. (Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.)

Leaving much to criticise in its views, Mrs. Phelps' novel *TRIXY* is yet built on a foundation sufficiently solid to support the framework of the story. In other words it has a *raison d'être*. Perhaps we do not all agree with Mrs. Phelps that the study of medicine carried on purely for scientific research is a soul-hardening profession, and we may see in her treatment of the plot a partisan prejudice against certain practices. But, be that as it may, the story is a strong one and all the more interesting for its attack on vivisection. Trixy, the trick French poodle, is an interesting little animal, interesting rather than fascinating, and the same may be said of all the other characters. The story is such a good one that the critical reader's only regret is that more care was not given to details of style, and the characters more fully developed. (Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SECRET HISTORY OF TODAY is comprised of fanciful guesses about the inside facts of some of the sensational mysteries of the last few years, such as the destruction of the Maine, the assassination of King Humbert, and the Dreyfus case. Some of the author's conceptions are daring enough to satisfy the most exacting; but the preponderance of the super-human ego detracts no little from one's appreciation of the yarns. The hero is a person of parts, who decides early in life to devote his talents to the Secret Service. His *savoir faire* and extraordinary abilities render him so eminently successful that at one time or another he serves almost every sovereign in Europe and also the Dowager Empress of China. The story appeared in serial form in *Pearson's Magazine*. (Secret History of Today. By Allen Upward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

CLEVER BEASTS is frankly a burlesque on the Thompson-Seton school of nature-writers, and it is cleverly done. Sour must be the reader who would not smile at the antics of Mr. Johnson Sit-down, the Skootaway Goat, and his friends, especially when illustrated by Peter Newell. But more than 200 pages is too long a session of parody; and the interpolation of puns of the vaudeville dialogue variety leave the reader in a weak state. If taken in homeopathic doses, however, this book will doubtless help to ward off dyspepsia. (The Book of Clever Beasts. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Major Dutton's work on *EARTHQUAKES* is not only readably interesting but actually scientific. So many of the popular science books lay such emphasis on the popular note, that it is a pleasure to see science here receive its share of attention. Earthquakes are interesting phenomena, and though their fundamental causes are still shrouded in mystery, the author has much information to impart about their external manifestations, their immediate causes, and the delicate instruments through which they are studied. It is instructive to note that much of the most necessary data for the book has been gathered in Japan by native scientists, working with the most advanced methods. The publishers announce as forth-

coming in the series of scientific works of which this is a part, "Meteors and Comets" by Prof. Charles A. Young of this University, and "Recent Theories of Evolution" by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Johns Hopkins. (Earthquakes. By C. E. Dutton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In Dr. Sargent's new book on physical culture, we have a work of especial interest to the young man who is continually endeavoring to make his body keep pace in development with his brain. The work obtains authority from the name of its author, Dudley A. Sargent, Director of the Heminway Gymnasium, Harvard, and the man most widely known in his profession. A feature of *HEALTH, STRENGTH AND POWER* is the illustrations which occupy a third of the volume, being placed together at the back conveniently indexed. Over one hundred photographs, showing the position at the beginning and end of each exercise, make it easy to follow the directions of the text. The book opens with four narrative chapters tracing the development of the human body from the state of savagery when physical development was at its best, to the present day, when the division of labor has tended to decrease the bodily force of the majority of people. Then follow directions for exercise for persons at all stages of life, both men and women, together with chapters on the care of the body, among which are: "The Food we Should Eat," "Baths and Bathing," and "The Value of Rest and Sleep." Written in a very readable style, this book must fulfil the purpose its author states in the preface. "The book is designated to give such hints and suggestions in regard to exercise, diet, bathing, sleep, clothing, etc., as . . . will not only serve as a means of exercise and development for the young and vigorous of both sexes, but will help restore disordered functions in those more advanced in years, and put them in such a condition of health and fitness as to make work a pleasure and life for itself worth living." (*Health, Strength and Power*. By Dr. Sargent. Boston: H. M. Caldwell & Co.)

A different kind of physical training book is *JIM JITSU COMBAT TRICKS* teaching the Japanese system of hand-to-hand combat, brought into vogue by the present war. The tricks described are many of them clever, but often what we generally consider unfair in America, such as strangle holds, trips, and blows below the belt. Whether they would be effective against one who could use his fists we may well doubt. The directions for learning this Asiatic system are clear and the photographic illustrations helpful. (*Jim Jitsu Combat Tricks*. By H. Irving Hancock. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.)

Among the magazines received during the month past is *THE INTERNATIONAL QUARTERLY*, for October, the second number to bear the imprint of Fox, Duffield & Company. It is a bulky volume, over one hundred pages, and contains a wider variety than is usually found in a collection of essays. The editor, Frederick A. Richardson, shows a keen sense of the interesting as well as the authoritative. The Far East Situation is dealt with from both a Russian and Japanese viewpoint; readers

interested in politics will enjoy Hillaine Belloe's paper on the "Protectionist Movement in England;" Litterateurs will read Brander Matthews on the drama and the essays on Maria Edgeworth, H. A. Taine, and Ernest Renan; artists will appreciate "Modern Architecture in France," and "Whistler;" "Fashion" treated in serious, psychological manner by George Gimmel, is something new. "The Times and the Manners," a "department of comment upon the spirit of the times and the manners of the generation" is started in this number of the magazine.

Joseph P. Flynn
The University Tailor

46 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

WILLIAM E. BOOKER New and
 Second-Hand Clothing

HIGHEST CASH PRICES Drop me your card and I will call to see you

TAILOR SHOP COMBINED

23 John Street, Princeton, N. J.

Hughes & Muller

1035-1037 Chestnut Street

Leading Tailors

Of Philadelphia

Dress and Sporting Clothes of Every Description

Our styles and goods are exclusive and personally
 selected in London

Young Men's Clothes

Should be modelled on lines adopted to Young Men's use. There is a knack in making them, too, which isn't learned in a day or a week or a year.

Do we know how to please the critical young fellows? Our bounding growing business with College Men is the readiest answer.

Spring things are ready—Top-Coats, Suits (ready to wear or to measure), Furnishing Goods, Hats—everything that may be required.



JACOB REED'S SONS

Chestnut Street, West of Broad PHILADELPHIA

A SHILLING IN LONDON

PALL MALL

London Cigarettes

A QUARTER IN PRINCETON

ESTABLISHED 1831

CAPACITY, 1000

Baldwin Locomotive Works

SINGLE EXPANSION AND COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVES.

Broad and Narrow Gauge Locomotives; Mine and Furnace Locomotives; Compressed Air Locomotives; Steam Cars and Tramway Locomotives; Plantation Locomotives; Oil Burning Locomotives.

Adapted to every variety of service, and built accurately to gauges and templates after standard designs or to railroad companies' drawings. Like parts of different engines of same class perfectly interchangeable.

Electric Locomotives and Electric Car Trucks with Approved Motors.

BURNHAM, WILLIAMS & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., U. S. A.

CLAYTON'S PHARMACY

86 NASSAU ST.

Sell all your Cast-off Clothes to

The Princeton Clothes Pressing Establishment

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Student's Cast-off Clothing

Geo. H. Menton

98 Nassau Street

Diligentia

Fidus

Constans



THE STAR



CLOTHES PRESSING ESTABLISHMENT

SPEEDWELL & CO.

10 Witherspoon Street

Practical Tailoring

Dealer in Second-Hand Clothes

Season or \$2 Tickets can be Purchased at our Store.

Bell Phone 16 W.

G. F. VAN PELT & BRO.

Full line of Burlaps and Tapestry,
Plate and Room Mouldings.

Painters and Decorators

7 Mercer Street, Princeton, N. J.

C. V. GULICK

Men's Furnishings

Athletic Supplies

Upper Pyne Building

Chocolates . . .

F. N. BRENAN

28 East Fifty-Ninth Street, Bet. Madison and Fifth Aves.

. . . Bon-Bons

JOHN R. FANSHAW

JOHN R. J. FANSHAW 1900

Fanshawe & Company

Members of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange

Dealers in Stocks, Bonds and Investment Securities

202 Walnut Place, Philadelphia

R. B. TYRELL

114 Nassau Street

Imported and Domestic

Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos, Pipes

Nassau Pharmacy

Arthur Schwartz, Ph.G.

Next door to First National Bank



**THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BUREAU OF ACADEMIC
COSTUME**

COTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y.

Wholesale Makers of the CAPS, GOWNS and HOODS to
Princeton, and the other American Colleges and Uni-
versities.

Illustrated Bulletin, Samples, etc., upon request

A. Y. STRYKER

DEALER IN

Stoves, Pumps, Ranges, Tinware,
Roofing, Leaders. Gas fitting and
Plumbing in all its branches. Job-
bing promptly attended to. Esti-
mates given and work done on
sewerage. 10 John Street.

M. E. LaVake

JEWELER and
OPTICIAN . . .

University Pins, Souvenirs,
Cups, Spoons

73 Nassau St.

Princeton, N. J.



Carpet Laying
Mattresses Renovated

Window Seats and
Cushions made to order

Frank L. Krespach

UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE REPAIRING

7-9 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

RENWICK'S RESTAURANT

Oyster and Chop House, Ice Cream and Pastry,
Luncheons, Dinners, Birthday Parties, etc., at
Reasonable Rates. Special attention given to
Student Trade.

J. B. RENWICK, Proprietor

84 Nassau Street

THOS. C. HILL & SON

Lunches and Course Dinners

11 North Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS AND ESTIMATES

The First National Bank

HAS SPECIAL FACILITIES
FOR HANDLING

STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS

AND IT'S HANDY—DIRECTLY
OPP. NASSAU HALL

The only NATIONAL Bank in Princeton.

Pach Bros.

University Photographers

—
Fine Portraits
Artistic Groups

—
A full line of Eastman's Supplies
and Kodaks kept at Princeton
studio.

—
B. F. McManus, Manager

Princeton, West Point, etc.

EDW. J. VAN MARTER

Dealer in

Blank Books, Stationery, Maga-
zines, Music and Novelties.

Carmina Princetonia.

Monogram Paper a Specialty.

36 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

WM. MOORE

Student's Clothing and Furniture

Highest Cash Prices Paid for anything
you may have to dispose of. We lead
them all. Write us a postal or we will
call. Satisfactory prices guaranteed.
Cash always on hand. Don't be deceived
by anyone; see Billy Moore, who has
the reputation for right prices.

31-33 Witherspoon Street



Studebaker Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Automobiles, Robes,
Blankets, Whips, etc.

Broadway and 7th Ave at 48th Street

New York

WE WILL BOND YOU.

CONTRACT
BONDS

OFFICIAL
BONDS



FIDELITY
BONDS

COURT
BONDS

THE UNITED STATES FIDELITY AND GUARANTY COMPANY

Incorporated 1896

BALTIMORE, MD.

Capital, Paid in Cash - - \$1,700,000.00
Total Resources, over - - \$4,000,000.00

NEW YORK OFFICE

66 LIBERTY STREET

ANDREW FREEDMAN, Vice-President

SYLVESTER J. O'SULLIVAN, Manager

TELEPHONE: 1861 CORTLANDT



MY LADY AND THE 'TIGER' is a set of four striking posters 15 x 20 inches in size, printed in two colors and enclosed in a handsomely decorated portfolio cover.

My Lady is just the dearest and sweetest that ever visited Princeton, and you can see from the reproduction of the cover design above that she is all to the good.

Each poster represents some characteristic Princeton event, and the spirit of the place is apparent in each of the designs.

In the first poster My Lady makes her bow with one hand in the long and shaggy hair of Mr. Tiger, and you will agree that she is just about right and worthy of taking him captive.

Of course she goes to the football games and the second poster represents her "hooping it up" a bit as Princeton goes through for a gain. So heartily and affectionately she hugs the Tiger that you would give anything to be in his place.

The third poster represents My Lady as coming in on a stormy night and just in the act of taking off her slicker. Mr. Tiger is already warming his coat by the fire with his usual contentment. This is one of the happiest of all the pictures.

At Singing My Lady indulges in a pleasant reverie. The Tiger is almost asleep and she reclines against his body. They make a beautiful picture and so realistic is it that you can almost hear the Seniors' voices.

The posters are a splendid decoration for a room and show up well wherever placed.

As a gift to the real "My Lady" the set will prove quite unique, not only as a gentle compliment but as a pleasant reminder of Princeton and its customs.

For Christmas presents nothing could be more appropriate as the posters fairly breathe the Princeton life in its happiest phases.

The price of the set and cover is one dollar. Fill out the space below with your name and address, tear out this leaf and wrap it around a dollar bill, enclosing the whole in an envelope addressed: D. E. Kimball, 123 Little Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, and the posters will be in your hands by return mail.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P. V. Voorhees, President
Chas. M. Ditts, Sec'y & Treas.

Edw. R. Solliday, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Mgr
D. J. Price, Superintendent

New Jersey Rubber Company

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Reclaimed Rubber

*Auxiliary Plant for Trimmings,
daily capacity of 20,000 Pounds.
Total daily capacity 45,000 Pounds.*

PHONE NO. 93.
CABLE ADDRESS, "RUBBER" LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.
4th Edition A. B. C. Code used.

OFFICE AND FACTORIES

LAMBERTVILLE

NEW JERSEY

BOSTON OFFICE:

77 Summer Street



If you want the best. This, in **clear**
Havana cigars, is

La Cornelia

made in twenty sizes. In **Nickel**
Cigars the celebrated

Saboroso

In **little cigars**
Lillipuritanos

Vetterlein Bros.,

Manufacturers

144-146 North Fifth St., Philadelphia

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL

35 Nassau Street, New York

1. Follows the **Dwight Method** of legal instruction, the method of that great teacher, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight.
2. Gives thoroughly **practical instruction**, developing the **principles** of the law and the **reasons** upon which they rest.
3. Is in New York City,—the best place to learn New York law and procedure,—the most desirable place in which to establish a lawyer's practice. Its location in the city affords an opportunity to attend the sessions of the courts, and also to gain practical experience in lawyers' offices, in connection with the law school study of legal principles.
4. Confers the degree of L.L.B. in two years; of L.L.M. in three years.
5. Has a **Day School** and also an **Evening School**. A student can attend either. Both are at the same address.
6. Had **850** students in attendance the past year (1902-1903); of these **277** were college graduates.

GEORGE CHASE, Dean, 35 Nassau Street.

VAN HORN & SON

Handsome and appropriate costumes
rented for all occasions

Theatrical Costumers

SPECIAL SETS OF LADIES' DRESSES FOR MEN'S WEAR

121 N. 9th Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

E. M. UPDIKE
Carpenter, Builder and General Jobber
Mouldings and Plate Rails 33 VANDEVENTER AVENUE
Contractor for the Princeton Charter Club House

W. W. MERSHON
Cabinet Making and Furniture Repairing
Window Seats and Cushions Pictures and Furniture Carefully Packed
11-13 John Street Princeton, N. .

Try



**THE UNIVERSITY
LAUNDRY . . .**

Office, Lower Pyne

Blakely Laundry 

R. H. BLAKELY & CO., PROPRIETORS

7-9 SOUTH WARREN STREET

TRENTON, N. J.

COLLEGE AGENT

P. M. BRASHER '06

Artistic College Furniture

A. V. MANNING'S SONS

Trenton, N. J.

Take this opportunity of thanking all Princeton men for the liberal patronage at their branch store in Princeton, and extend a most cordial invitation to call upon them when in Trenton, (next to Opera House) where you will always find the most reliable and the very lowest priced

Double Deck Beds
Morris Chairs
Desks
Book Cases
Tables
Carpets

Rugs
Matting
Draperies
Window Shades
Novelty Pillows
Framed Pictures

Bric-a-Brac

We are prepared to furnish Suites of Rooms Complete, and show the largest and most complete stock in the State.

Our long experience enables us to offer a stock especially adapted to the College Man's needs.

20-22-24 South Broad Street

Making of Window Seats a Specialty.

College Representative: MR. ROBERT P. SCHERMERHORN '07

Telephone 6270 Gramercy

KENT-COSTIKYAN

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS

Fine Persian Carpets and Rugs

890 Broadway, Cor. 19th Street, NEW YORK

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS
OR PLAIN

Look for Signature
of S. ANAGYROS

E. R. BRANCH
THE TIGER POOL AND BILLIARD PARLOR

126 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON, N. J.

QUICK LUNCH

A. L. ROWLAND, dealer in

Furniture and General Merchandise

At 66 NASSAU STREET.

JOHN G. DURNER,

ESTABLISHED 1868

HAIR CUTTING and SHAVING PARLORS.

Opposite Library.

112 NASSAU ST., PRINCETON, N. J.

Largest Line of BBB Pipes carried in this State which I import directly.

C. C. Skirm

DEALER IN CIGARS AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES

68 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.

A. G. DOHM,

Established 1868

Bread, Cake, Ice Cream, Confectionery.

62 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

JAS. R. DRAKE,

Book Binding, Fine Stationery.

Pocket Knives, Wall Paper, Note Books, &c.

Opposite Main Entrance to College

WM. L. BRINER,

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST

Graduate New York College of Pharmacy.

44 Nassau Street

P. V. BERGEN,

Groceries and Chocolate, Teas and Coffees a Specialty.
Spices, Butter, Cheese &c.

Next Door to Post Office,

Princeton N. J.

KRESGE & McNEILL
EXCLUSIVE TAILORS
FOR COLLEGE MEN

1225 Walnut Street

Philadelphia

Our Mr. Kresge visits Princeton every two weeks to receive orders



The Smith Premier

The World's Best Typewriter

SAVES TIME ALL THE TIME

Not only by its speedy and accurate operation, but throughout its entire use and maintenance—in putting in the work, changing from one kind of work to another, making corrections, changing ribbons, making repairs, and in all ways which lighten labor and avoid delay. It saves time *not merely for a day*, but for weeks, months and years.

Send for booklet which explains why

**The Smith Premier
Typewriter Company**

Executive Office, 287 Broadway, New York
Factory, Syracuse, N. Y.

Branches in all large cities

$$\begin{array}{l}
 5 \times 2 = 10 \\
 \checkmark 1 \times 1 = 1 \\
 3 \times 3 = 9 \\
 \checkmark 3 \times 1 = 3 \\
 \checkmark 2 \times 1 = 2 \\
 \hline
 2 \times 1 = 2
 \end{array}$$

United States

2.2

$$\begin{array}{r}
 14 \overline{) 27} \\
 \underline{14} \\
 13
 \end{array}$$

Railroad and Municipal

$$\begin{array}{r}
 16 \overline{) 27} \quad (17 \\
 \underline{16} \\
 110 \\
 \underline{112}
 \end{array}
 \quad 1.6+$$

BONDS

Bought and Sold

Deposits and Draft Accounts of Individuals, Banks,
and other Corporations of approved
standing received

Harvey Fisk & Sons

New York: 62 Cedar St. Boston: 10 Post Office Sq.
Philadelphia: represented by James H.
Chapman, 421 Chestnut St.

Libby's



Wholesome Luncheons

When you are at a loss to know what to serve for luncheon—when you crave something both appetizing and satisfying—try

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Among the many Libby delicacies are Boneless Chicken, Melrose Pate, Veal Loaf, Peerless Wafer-Sliced Dried Beef, Potted Ham, and Corned Beef Hash—wholesome foods that are as dainty as they are good—as substantial as they are appetizing. Every Libby product is as wholesome as though made in your own kitchen, under your personal supervision.

The Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free.
Libby's Big Atlas of the World, for five two-cent stamps.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

The Princeton Bank



This Bank transacts a general banking business. Makes out-of-town collections promptly. Always has funds to loan its Customers on proper security. Loans Money on Bond and Mortgage. Pays Interest on Time Certificates of Deposit. Executes orders for the purchase or sale of Investment Securities. Furnishes Letters of Credit available in all parts of the world. Offers to Banks and Individuals, favoring it with their accounts, the Guarantee of Special Care and Promptness in the transaction of their business.



SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULTS OF
THE BEST MODERN CONSTRUCTION

DIRECTORS

R. M. ANDERSON
C. C. CUYLER
V. B. GULICK
H. E. HALE
EDWARD HOWE

E. L. HOWE
FISHER HOWE
S. S. PALMER
W. H. FOWELL
M. TAYLOR FYNE

A. D. RUSSELL
S. T. SEGER
BAYARD STOCKTON
J. H. WIKOFF